

ONE DOLLAR EVERY HOUR

It is easily earned by any one of either sex in any part of the country, who is willing to work honestly. The labor is light and pleasant, and you can risk nothing. We will give you a trial without expense to yourself. For those who are willing to work, this is the greatest offer made. You can work all day, or in the evening only. If you are employed, and have a few spare hours at your disposal, utilize them, and add to your income. Your business will not suffer. We will send you a sample of our work, and you will see that we are not making any false promises. We will send you a sample of our work, and you will see that we are not making any false promises. We will send you a sample of our work, and you will see that we are not making any false promises.

PATENTS

Our Office is open to all. We will give you a trial without expense to yourself. For those who are willing to work, this is the greatest offer made. You can work all day, or in the evening only. If you are employed, and have a few spare hours at your disposal, utilize them, and add to your income. Your business will not suffer. We will send you a sample of our work, and you will see that we are not making any false promises. We will send you a sample of our work, and you will see that we are not making any false promises.

WHEN YOU GO TO OWENSBORO

CALL ON
C. Theo. Cain,
For the finest and most artistic work, any size or style. Frederick St., between 3rd and 4th. 6m37

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE
KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE
KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE
KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE
KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE
KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE
KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE
KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE
KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE
KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE
KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE
KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE
KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE
KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE
KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE
KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE
KEMP'S BALSAM
THE BEST COUGH CURE

BILL NYE'S VISITOR.

WILLIAM LITTLE FEELINGLY OF A MERRY WHITE MOUNTAIN MAID.

And Talks Confidentially to Mr. Thurber. Letter From a Sixteen-year-old Who Requests an Autograph—Conjugation of the Verb "Done."

(Copyright, 1893, by Edgar W. Nye.)
BUCK SHOALS, N. C.,
AUGUST POSTOFFICE, July 1.
It is now that everything is in full leaf in this country. A young woman a trifle over 7 feet high comes to my elbow on the French Broad and sells me berries. Once my wife was away, and I did not know how we were fixed for berries. Berries, both black and straw and rasp, are sold here at 5 cents per big quart and hulled ready for the table at that. They are good all summer.



SHE SAT DOWN.

"Sit down on the porch, Birdie," I said, "and converse."

"She sat down, but still remained where I was. I never saw a longer waited person or one who was so uniformly of one size all the way down, as my friend Comstock says—not Anthony, but another man altogether. She had a chest like a grasshopper, and as she sat there with her long, and face, reminding me of a horse with a sunbonnet on, I said to myself: 'Shall I buy these berries and let her go home or wait till my wife comes and discover us conversing and then remain forever unhappy? Shall I break up our happy home or not?'"

"She looked hungry too. When you write me, I will send you a letter from the 23rd of February asking for two of your autographs. I enclosed a 5-cent stamp. Now I do not see why I have not received a reply. It is because you did not receive my letter, or is it because you are, as I have heard is the case with all humorists, unwilling to oblige me, or is it for some other reason? Pray relieve my mind by replying and sending two autographs. I am a boy 16 years of age and go to the high school. Yours truly,
ALECK I.

"You do wrong, in the first place, in signing yourself Aleck I. or Smart Aleck I. Aleck MDCCCXCIII would be more appropriate, for I have other such postal cards."

"But I will not try to brave it out, Aleck. I alone am to blame. It is better to expose myself in the paper and let the whole world know what a wretch I am."

"Aleck, I was unworthy of your trust. I used the stamp you sent me. I embellished it. I wrote to my grandmother in Wisconsin and put that stamp on the letter. You know how times have been since."

"I could not write to you and tell you what I had done. I was unable to right the great wrong or even confess it to you. Have pity on me, Aleck, I appeal to—have pity and let it go."

"You speak harshly of humorists. That does not concern me. Your cold stamps per postal card fall harmlessly on my massive skull. When you revile the farmer, I write and squirm, but your attacks on the humorist do me good."

"Lop on 'em, Aleck! They deserve it. They would be improved by it. Write them on the back of a postal card frequently. But go easy on us farmers. You can have no idea, Aleck, what a shrinkage there has been in values. It applies to everything. A week ago I had a World's fair watermelon! Yesterday I went down to the store. It had shrunk to a little dead melon that had been tapped twice!"

"Do not write me any more, however, Aleck. I do not build up a correspondence generally with those who write me for two autographs."

"There is another reason why in later years I have neglected my autograph friends, and I am sorry and ashamed to admit it here in public, but the consumptive young man who did my best autograph card is dead."

"I used to practice for days trying to do it as well as he did, but never could get it quite so accurate as he could. I brought him here hoping that his lungs would heal and health return, but he exposed himself too much. He attended to all my correspondence, read all the appealing, begging letters. I received letters asking me to lecture to a penitentiary or to open an asylum with a few characteristic remarks, assuring me that I would be blessed fourfold, when the writers had no authority to make such promises, having no influence whatever. Well, he read all those letters as they came and overtook himself and cried into his overalls a good deal and forgot to change his socks, and so he died."

"In answer to a northern friend I give below the conjugation of the verb 'done.' It is from advanced sheets of a new grammar which I am now working on:

CONJUGATION OF THE VERB DONE—PAST TENSE.
Singular—I done it. You done it. He done it. She done it. It done it. They done it.
Plural—We done it. You done it. They done it.

PRESENT TENSE.
Singular—I done it. You done it. He done it. She done it. It done it. They done it.
Plural—We done it. You done it. They done it.

FUTURE TENSE.
Singular—I will done it. You will done it. He will done it. She will done it. It will done it. They will done it.
Plural—We will done it. You will done it. They will done it.

IMPERATIVE TENSE.
Singular—Do it. Don't do it. Let it be done. Let it not be done. Let it be done. Let it not be done. Let it be done. Let it not be done.
Plural—Do it. Don't do it. Let it be done. Let it not be done. Let it be done. Let it not be done. Let it be done. Let it not be done.

INFINITIVE TENSE.
To done it. To not done it. To let it be done. To let it not be done. To let it be done. To let it not be done. To let it be done. To let it not be done.

never heard of? That they study and work to get even an opportunity to appear on the stage, think a thought and retire? Do you consider the fact that they fall even in this?

Why should you and I, Thurber, try to be great stars and be well fixed, when the nearest fixed star is so far away that it takes three years for its light to reach us, and he is not so very well fixed either?

We should not overestimate ourselves, Thurber. We should be modest. Look at the pictures made to represent me. Would you stand that, Thurber? No, indeed!

Here is a boy who writes me on a postal card, notwithstanding the ruling in the Third-fifth Massachusetts Reports in *Bingham versus Bingham*, page 205—viz, that correspondence purported to have been carried on by means of postal cards is not admissible as evidence, the court having dismissed the case with costs because the evidence hung upon matter written on a postal card.

He reminds me of you, Thurber, in the way he reprimands his superiors and smites them and sanctions them by postal card for laxness in sending two autographs at once—one for himself, I presume, and one for the editor:

DEAR MR. NYE—I sent you a letter on the 23rd of February asking for two of your autographs. I enclosed a 5-cent stamp. Now I do not see why I have not received a reply. It is because you did not receive my letter, or is it because you are, as I have heard is the case with all humorists, unwilling to oblige me, or is it for some other reason? Pray relieve my mind by replying and sending two autographs. I am a boy 16 years of age and go to the high school. Yours truly,
ALECK I.

"You do wrong, in the first place, in signing yourself Aleck I. or Smart Aleck I. Aleck MDCCCXCIII would be more appropriate, for I have other such postal cards."

"But I will not try to brave it out, Aleck. I alone am to blame. It is better to expose myself in the paper and let the whole world know what a wretch I am."

"Aleck, I was unworthy of your trust. I used the stamp you sent me. I embellished it. I wrote to my grandmother in Wisconsin and put that stamp on the letter. You know how times have been since."

"I could not write to you and tell you what I had done. I was unable to right the great wrong or even confess it to you. Have pity on me, Aleck, I appeal to—have pity and let it go."

"You speak harshly of humorists. That does not concern me. Your cold stamps per postal card fall harmlessly on my massive skull. When you revile the farmer, I write and squirm, but your attacks on the humorist do me good."

"Lop on 'em, Aleck! They deserve it. They would be improved by it. Write them on the back of a postal card frequently. But go easy on us farmers. You can have no idea, Aleck, what a shrinkage there has been in values. It applies to everything. A week ago I had a World's fair watermelon! Yesterday I went down to the store. It had shrunk to a little dead melon that had been tapped twice!"

"Do not write me any more, however, Aleck. I do not build up a correspondence generally with those who write me for two autographs."

"There is another reason why in later years I have neglected my autograph friends, and I am sorry and ashamed to admit it here in public, but the consumptive young man who did my best autograph card is dead."

"I used to practice for days trying to do it as well as he did, but never could get it quite so accurate as he could. I brought him here hoping that his lungs would heal and health return, but he exposed himself too much. He attended to all my correspondence, read all the appealing, begging letters. I received letters asking me to lecture to a penitentiary or to open an asylum with a few characteristic remarks, assuring me that I would be blessed fourfold, when the writers had no authority to make such promises, having no influence whatever. Well, he read all those letters as they came and overtook himself and cried into his overalls a good deal and forgot to change his socks, and so he died."

"In answer to a northern friend I give below the conjugation of the verb 'done.' It is from advanced sheets of a new grammar which I am now working on:

CONJUGATION OF THE VERB DONE—PAST TENSE.
Singular—I done it. You done it. He done it. She done it. It done it. They done it.
Plural—We done it. You done it. They done it.

PRESENT TENSE.
Singular—I done it. You done it. He done it. She done it. It done it. They done it.
Plural—We done it. You done it. They done it.

FUTURE TENSE.
Singular—I will done it. You will done it. He will done it. She will done it. It will done it. They will done it.
Plural—We will done it. You will done it. They will done it.

IMPERATIVE TENSE.
Singular—Do it. Don't do it. Let it be done. Let it not be done. Let it be done. Let it not be done. Let it be done. Let it not be done.
Plural—Do it. Don't do it. Let it be done. Let it not be done. Let it be done. Let it not be done. Let it be done. Let it not be done.

INFINITIVE TENSE.
To done it. To not done it. To let it be done. To let it not be done. To let it be done. To let it not be done. To let it be done. To let it not be done.

THE EXPENSE OF SMOKING THREE 5-cent cigars per day for 50 years is \$54.162.14; for 100 years, \$108.324.28; for 200 years, \$216.648.56. This sum carefully deposited in a private bank would maintain five officers of the bank well for four years in Toronto.

Bill Nye

Lane's medicines move the bowels very day, in order to be healthy this is necessary.

School Talk Out of School—The Schoolhouse Lion.

The schoolhouse lion is an "institution." Like death, and unlike other fleas, he hath all seasons for his own. He stayeth with us eleven months in the year and forsaketh us not in the twelfth. He sticketh to us with the devotion of a teacher to a newly-elected trustee, and crawleth into seams and folds where other insects dare not creep.

He is everywhere, jointly and severally; individually, collectively and unanimously. If thou walkest through the yard he is there and hoppest upon thee; if thou sittest upon the backless bench he is there awaiting thy coming; if thou crawlst into the loft he greeteth thee there ere thou getteth through the scuttle hole; if thou crawlst under the bench, think not, O vain man, for there he waylayeth thee and thou shalt not escape him, for there he covereth thee even as dust covereth the street of the country town.

He wandereth up and down seeking a victim and findeth him. When thou wouldst study thy lesson he meandereth up and down thy backbone even as a father paceth the floor at midnight with his sleepless offspring. When the dade striketh an attitude the flea maketh for him and tormenteth him till he realizeth that all is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Sometimes the flea playeth a prank upon thee. He pretendeth to be fastened in the fiber of the nether garments and letteth thee catch him. Thou takest him betwixt the finger and thumb and crushest him in pieces but when thou loosth him he gathereth himself together and skipeth away unhurt to some other part of thy anatomy. Then thou quotest, "Though lost to sight, to memory, dear" School boy that is born of a woman is of few days and full of fleas.

Pay the Little Bills.
[BALTIMORE SUN.]
A most effective way to relieve financial stringency is to keep money in circulation by the payment of the "little bills." To pay as you go is the best, but some persons are occasionally compelled by circumstances to ask for credit. It is wise to pay bills at short intervals for many reasons. The creditor may have a great many small bills outstanding, and may be seriously embarrassed by non-payment. The longer a bill remains unpaid the harder it is to pay. To the man on receipt of an income which is no more than his necessary expenses require, it may be easy to pay a small bill, but if he allows it to go unpaid other bills may be added to it and the aggregate will be a serious burden.

A fails to pay what he owes B and the latter is thereby unable to pay the debt he owes to C and so on. By prompt payments a small sum of money can be made to cancel a large sum of indebtedness. A \$10 bill, by passing from hand to hand, probably often pays debts amounting to \$100 inside a week. The most frequent excuse heard for the non payment of bills by persons who are asked to make payment is that they can collect no money. In most instances this excuse is probably an honest one, and a little reflection will convince any man of this keeping money in circulation. The 1st of July being the beginning of a new half a year is a good time to balance books and start fresh.

Infants Suffer from Thirst.
[N. Y. POST.]
Well babies and sick babies, young babies and babies of high and low degree, babies fed on the bottle and babies fed naturally, may have water to drink if they want it. The water should be boiled and covered, not very cold, even warm if they prefer it.

One word describes it—"perfection." We refer to De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, which cures obstinate sores, burns, skin diseases and is a well known cure for piles. L. B. BEAN.

Only Live Men Wanted.
[EXCHANGE.]
"It takes live men to make a town. Dead men are only fit to inhabit cemeteries. If they are really decidedly dead all over, we tenderly lay them away in the sleep of the tomb; if they are dead to all enterprise and spirit, outside the narrow lines of their own selfish interests and yet persist in walking around, moving their calloused hearts and conscience where real business is wanted to push and throb with vigor, they are only like drone bees, in the way until they are stung to death and dragged outside of the hive of legitimate industry. Twelve really live men are worth more to a town generally than a round thousand of such useless material that lays around like rubbish in a running stream that is aching and foaming to run mills and factories. Live men bless and dead men curse a town."

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.,
61, 53 & 55 Opera Block, LIMA, OHIO.
PARTICULARS FREE.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—It gives me pleasure to speak a word of praise for your Tablets. My son was strongly addicted to the use of constant drinker, but after using your Tablets but three days he quit drinking, and will not touch liquor of any kind. I have waited four months before writing you, in order to know the cure was permanent. Yours truly,
MRS. HELEN MORRISON.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I have used your Tablets for some time and I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

so. This is the opinion of a successful medicine man, under whose treatment have come hundreds of babies. "So thoroughly," says this authority, "have I become convinced of the great benefit derived from giving water to sick babies that I order it in nearly every case with fever, and it is astonishing to see how the restlessness and many of the symptoms we are apt to attribute to the pain and fever disappear when it is freely given."

"By freely I mean from one-half to two ounces immediately after or between the feedings. If given immediately after the feeding, a small quantity will of course be required. Time and again I have infants with measles, scarlet fever or pneumonia, after a period of great restlessness, fall into a quiet sleep when a couple of ounces of cool water had been given."

Old Dr. Drummond.
After years of patient study and experiment has given to the world a preparation which is an absolute cure for every form of Rheumatism. Ask your druggist for it, and do not take anything else, for nothing else is as good. If your druggist has not got it, write to the Drummond Medicine Co., 49-50 Maiden Lane, New York, and they will send you full particulars and testimonials of the wonderful cures, together with special instructions. Agents wanted.

All the talk in the world will not convince you so quickly as one trial of De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve for scalds, burns, bruises, skin affection and piles. L. B. BEAN.

Does this fit Hartford?
[HARTFORD OBSERVER.]
There has been considerable complaint made with reference to the sanitary condition of Barbourville, and yet it does not seem to have much effect upon those in authority. Our streets are in a miserable condition and the general filth of the town would be discreditable to any place which claims to have the least pretensions to cleanliness and decency. We have laws governing municipalities and we have officers elected to enforce them and they should endeavor to keep our town in a better condition. Our honorable Mayor and Board of Councilmen are excellent gentlemen, and we have the highest respect for them as such, but they seem to have forgotten that they have a public trust, and that they are responsible for any deficiencies. There are numerous reasons for the better government of our municipal affairs and it is to be hoped that our town authorities will look at the condition of things in their true light and do something.

One word describes it—"perfection." We refer to De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve, which cures obstinate sores, burns, skin diseases and is a well known cure for piles. L. B. BEAN.

Only Live Men Wanted.
[EXCHANGE.]
"It takes live men to make a town. Dead men are only fit to inhabit cemeteries. If they are really decidedly dead all over, we tenderly lay them away in the sleep of the tomb; if they are dead to all enterprise and spirit, outside the narrow lines of their own selfish interests and yet persist in walking around, moving their calloused hearts and conscience where real business is wanted to push and throb with vigor, they are only like drone bees, in the way until they are stung to death and dragged outside of the hive of legitimate industry. Twelve really live men are worth more to a town generally than a round thousand of such useless material that lays around like rubbish in a running stream that is aching and foaming to run mills and factories. Live men bless and dead men curse a town."

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.,
61, 53 & 55 Opera Block, LIMA, OHIO.
PARTICULARS FREE.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—It gives me pleasure to speak a word of praise for your Tablets. My son was strongly addicted to the use of constant drinker, but after using your Tablets but three days he quit drinking, and will not touch liquor of any kind. I have waited four months before writing you, in order to know the cure was permanent. Yours truly,
MRS. HELEN MORRISON.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

THE OHIO CHEMICAL CO.—GENTLEMEN:—I feel that they did the work in less than three days. I am cured. Truly yours,
MATTHEW JOHNSON, P. O. Box 45, PITTSBURGH, PA.

A PSALM OF ADVERTISING.

[PRINTER'S INK.]
Tell me not in a sneering manner—Advertising does not pay. Rich are they who fling their banner Boldest to the world to-day.

Advertising done in earnest, Done with wisdom, heart and soul, With determination sternest, Always wins the wished-for goal.

Lives of many men remind us, We to great success can climb, If the reading public find us Advertising all the time.

Advertising with persistent Energy to spread our fame, Ever honest and consistent In performing what we claim.

In the world's commercial battle, In the rivalry of trade We must hustle, shout and rattle, Ere impression can be made.

Not enjoyment—rather sorrow Is the certain end of those Who are apt to let to-morrow, Like to-day, unheeded close.

Careless of their advertising, Which, if penned in common sense, Is the method enterprising That insures full recompense.

If you can afford to be annoyed by sick headache and constipation, don't use De Witt's Little Early Risers for they will cure them. L. B. BEAN.

Coughing leads to Consumption. Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

Women Gamblers.
[EXCHANGE.]
In the summer season the woman gambler comes prominently to the fore though she is almost as great an element in society during the winter, but the world at large does not have a chance to regard her until she appears at the race track in the full glory of smart summer finery and eagerly feverish to back her favorite horse or jockey, as the case may be.

<

FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1893

WE ARE AUTHORIZED TO ANNOUNCE
C. SLADE TAYLOR
 Of the Cromwell Precinct, as a candidate for State Senator from the 8th Senatorial District, subject to the action of the Republican party.

TO THE VOTERS OF OHIO: MICHAEL BERG AND BUTLER COUNTIES—I am a candidate for Senator in the District composed of your counties. Being a Republican, I will submit my claims to the Convention of that party. Soliciting the support of all Republicans in the Convention. I am,
 Yours truly,
 E. D. GUFFY.

Hartford, Ky., June 29, 1893.

WE ARE AUTHORIZED TO ANNOUNCE
ZEBULON H. SHULTZ
 Of the Sulphur Spring Precinct, as a candidate for the office of School Superintendent for Ohio county, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

THREE more Louisville Banks failed Tuesday.

NOTWITHSTANDING the many mean and harsh things that have been said about Sam Jones he is, nevertheless, one of the greatest men of the century.

The Hartford Lecture Club under whose management the Sam Jones Lectures were held, deserve great praise for its enterprise. Such an organization is a credit to any town, and many other good entertainments may be expected in the future.

The Democratic party is confronted by the most serious financial stringency of recent years, and if the coming extra session of Congress fails to relieve the strained condition of the business world it is good-bye to the Democratic party for a dozen years to come.

OVER in the Tenth Senatorial District that old self-conceited, over-rated political bully and corruption fund scallawag, Jack Gross, is a prominent candidate for the Democratic nomination. May the good Lord give the Democrats of Breckenridge, Hancock and Meade grit enough to do what their sense long ago has dictated should be done and that is to relegate Jack Gross to the oblivion from whose dark precincts he should never have been dragged.

ELSEWHERE will be found the announcement of Mr. Z. H. Shultz, of Sulphur Springs, as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for School Superintendent. He is a young man of sterling qualities of head and heart, possessing a fine education and a perceptive power that enables him to see very far into men and things. The school interests of the county would prosper under his management, and if the next Superintendent were to be chosen from his side of the political fence, we are at a loss to know where we'd find a better man than Zeb.

Important—School Law.
 OFFICE OF SUPERINTENDENT
 OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION,
 FRANKFORT, KY., July 17, '93.)
 TO COUNTY SUPERINTENDENTS:

1. In accordance with a resolution of the General Assembly, I have sent you this week the new law for the management and administration of the Agricultural and Mechanical College, for your guidance to the number of beneficiaries which each county is allowed to send to that institution, your duty as to notification, examination, appointment, etc. The Members of the General Assembly and the County Judges also have received copies from this office.

2. Please to note the dates of examinations which are to be had during the remainder of the year and notify all concerned. I give them in their order: (a) examination of candidates for the office of County School Superintendent, to be held by County Judge, County Clerk and a competent person selected by them at the county seat (or before the State examiners here, if preferred) July 25th. (b) Examination of applicants for county certificates and for State certificates, at the county seat only, August 4 and 5. (c) If applicants for State diplomas, at this office only, by State examiners, August 30, and the following day if necessary. (d) Of applicants for county certificates, September 1 and 2 and November 3 and 4. Note there will be no January examination.

3. In answer to numerous questions as to the requirements for diploma and for State certificates, I give them here.

To obtain a State certificate, all applicants must be examined on all the common school branches, and on the following in addition: (1) higher arithmetic; (2) elementary algebra; (3) English literature; (4) science and art of teaching, including the elements of psychology.

To obtain a State diploma, an applicant must be examined on all the common school branches and on the following in addition: (1) science and art of teaching; (2) psychology; (3) higher arithmetic; (4) algebra; (5) Geometry; (6) physics; (7) English literature; (8) elementary Latin.

4. As institutes will be in session from this time till November, the following section of the new school law is published, since it differs somewhat from the old in its requirements as to where a teacher must attend:

§ 140. Every teacher of a common school, including teachers of the gra-

ded common schools in cities of the fifth and sixth classes who hold a State diploma, or State certificate or county certificate, or who contemplate applying for certificate of qualification to teach in the common schools, shall attend the full session of the institute in his home county unless he is teaching in another county in which the institute is yet to be held, or has attended the county institute of a county in which he has a contract to teach. If teaching in a county other than his home county, whose institute is yet to be held, he must attend the full session of the latter. The county superintendent shall revoke the certificate of any teacher who shall fail or neglect to attend the full session of the institute, unless the superintendent shall be fully satisfied that such failure was caused by actual sickness or other disability. After the county institute has been held, it shall be unlawful to grant any person a certificate to teach at any time during that school year, unless the said person shall have attended the full session of the institute of that or some other county during that school year, or unless the county superintendent shall be fully satisfied that the failure to attend the institute had been caused by sickness or other disability. During the institute there shall be a suspension of such schools as are in session, but no reduction of the teacher's salary shall be made on account of such suspension except as hereinafter provided. The time of actual attendance upon the institute in days or parts of days shall be accredited to the teacher if the institute be held during the session of the school. At the close of the institute the county superintendent shall give to each teacher or other person in attendance a certificate of the number of days that the teacher or other person had attended, which certificate of attendance shall be filed by the teacher with the chairman of the board of trustees of the district, who shall make report thereof to the county superintendent at the time of reporting the school. I call your attention to the fact that you are no longer required to publish the proceedings in pamphlet form. This is to be done in a local paper, one copy of which you are to forward to the State office. The residue of the fees, after paying conductor and incidentals, must be used in the purchase of books for the County Teacher's Library. Each institute this year must elect two persons to constitute, with the County Superintendent, a Library Committee.

Yours truly,
 ED PORTER THOMPSON.
 A Card.
 CROMWELL, KY., July 27, '93.
 I wish to say to all my friends that my little boy was taken down last Tuesday with typhoid fever, and, therefore, I have been confined at home ever since, and I am more dependent than ever upon their efforts to do all in their power to honorably secure the county for me in their precinct meetings August 4th, and the nomination at Beaver Dam September 7. Believing that all will be well, I remain yours,
 C. S. TAYLOR.

KINDERHOOK.
 July 23.—Mrs. Bettie Roby and children, of Owensboro, are visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Baird. Mrs. J. W. Stevens has returned from Daviess county, after a two weeks visit to friends and relatives. Wm. Ward and wife, No Creek, spent Saturday and Sunday visiting in the Washington neighborhood. The Sunday School at Alexander is still in a flourishing condition. Miss Myrtle Tinsley, of the Washington neighborhood spent Saturday night and Sunday on No Creek, not long since, the guest of her brother, O. R. Tinsley.

Mrs. Eliza Riley, of this place, visited Mrs. Tanner and family, of near town, last week. Miss Zana Barnett, of Owensboro, is the guest of her grand-mother, at this writing. Mrs. McCuen, of Fordsville, is the guest of her father's family in the Washington neighborhood. T. H. Maple and wife spent Saturday and Sunday at Rockport, the guests of S. O. Maple and family. B. N. Coombes spent Saturday night and Sunday in this vicinity. J. W. Stevens has flux. Mrs. Lillian Baird is on the sick list.

Wesley Stevens made a flying trip to Whitesville Saturday, returning Sunday. Sherman Stevens and Charley Ellis spent Sunday evening at Beaver Dam.

Mr. T. J. Smith, wife and children, Hartford, were in Kinderhook Sunday evening, the guests of A. C. Ellis and family.

A. M. and V. G. Barnett attended the ice cream supper which was given at Centertown Saturday night. They report a pleasant time.

Mrs. Clara Bennett, Beda, spent several days in this vicinity last week. We had the pleasure of attending Sunday School at Beda Sunday evening. Glad to note they have quite an interesting school and hope to be with them again in the near future.
 DAISY DEANE.

Who Are They?
 [CANNELTON, IND., ENQUIRER.]
 Three boys came here from Caneyville, Ky., a short time ago, and from their free spending of money aroused the suspicion of Marshal Hambleton. When they left here and returned to Caneyville, he sent a warning to the marshal of that place which resulted in their arrest. They confessed of stealing over \$400.

WASHINGTON.

Although Secretary Carlisle, who has just returned from the World's Fair, refuses to be interviewed upon the somewhat remarkable speech delivered at the New York Bankers Banquet by Comptroller of Currency Eckels, or indeed upon anything else, he is so hopping mad, his friends have let the cat out of the bag, and it is known that about the first thing the Secretary did after he got back to his office was to send for Mr. Eckels and give him about the worst ten minutes he ever had in his life. Mr. Carlisle has a temper, as is well known in Washington, and it was aroused to the highest pitch by the "ratty" which Mr. Eckels so liberally distributed to the New York bankers, whom Secretary Carlisle has not forgiven for refusing to let the Treasury have a part of the gold lying idle in their vaults, unless bonds were given them for it. Having just returned from Chicago where he learned of the injury done by the refusal of the New York banks to furnish western money, even on the best of security, was not calculated to make Mr. Carlisle take more kindly to the sentiments expressed in Mr. Eckels' speech.

There is a smothered storm of indignation among Democratic Congressmen from the South and West on account of Eckels' speech, and it may burst out before, or upon the floor of Congress at any time. One of these men, speaking to several of his colleagues and personal friends said: "If Mr. Cleveland knew in advance of the sentiments contained in that speech, and approved of them, it means that he has surrendered boot and baggage to Wall street, and that the people who voted for him under the impression that he would not be controlled by Wall street influences have been betrayed. If he did not know of them he should lose no time in firing Eckels for having expressed them, as a practical and convincing proof to the people that they are not endorsed by the administration. No half-way business will do; if Eckels be retained in his present important position the country will not be slow in taking it to mean that he expressed the sentiments of the administration, and then—well, just keep your ear to the ground and you will hear something."

Republicans are disposed to regard this whole thing as merely the result of champagne, and the attentions of a lot of elderly wealthy men to a young man who is poor and ambitious of being known. Still they recognize the bad taste of the man who holds a position second in importance only to the Secretary of the Treasury, from a financial standpoint, making a speech under existing circumstances. "It hardly seems probable," said a Senator, "that he would have spoken as he did without Mr. Cleveland's approval, and if he had that approval it indicates a financial split between Mr. Cleveland and Secretary Carlisle." It was long ago predicted by this correspondent that Eckels was bound to get into trouble.

Congressman Byrum, of Indiana, is opposed to the wild-cat state bank currency part of the Democratic programme, and is not afraid to express his opinion. He says: "I do not believe that legislation authorizing the restoration of State Bank Currency will be passed by Congress. The day for that sort of money has passed." Mr. Byrum is, of course, in the Democratic minority on this question, but it begins to look as though there might be enough Democrats who think as he does, in conjunction with the solid Republican vote of the House to save the country from the wild-cat experiment, unless the Southern wing of Democracy, which is rabid for wild-cat money, succeeds in making it a caucus question.

The Democratic Tariff snag will be struck in the Senate, where their majority is small. There are at least four Democratic Senators—Gorman, of Maryland; Camden and Faulkner, of West Virginia, and Gray, of Delaware—who are regarded as certain to oppose any reduction of the present duty on coal, iron, lumber and several other articles in which they and their constituents are largely interested, and without their votes no Democratic bill can pass the Senate.

One of the odd things in the coming Congress will be the appearance of Representative Bourke Cockran, of Tammany, whose 2 o'clock-in-the-morning anti-Cleveland speech was the sensation of the Chicago convention, on the floor of the House as Mr. Cleveland's special champion.

U. S. Department of Agriculture.
 Weather and crop Bulletin of the Kentucky weather service for the week ending July 24th, 1893.

The weather conditions of the past week have been on the whole not unfavorable to agricultural interests. The temperature was normal for the greater portion of the week but the excessive heat of Sunday and Monday the 23rd and 24th raised the average for the week considerably above the normal. A Maximum of 99° was reported from Harrodsburg.

Cloudy and partly cloudy weather prevailed during the first part of the week, but the latter part was cloudless, making a slightly excessive average of sunshine. The effects of the high temperature and glaring sunshine have been rather injurious to vegetation.

The rainfall has been generally deficient and badly distributed; being confined to small localities, while no particular section of the state seems to have been favored more than another. Scattering showers occurred over the state on the 19th, 20th, and 21st. Some damage was done by heavy rains in a few localities on these

dates. But as a general thing only light showers were experienced. Many points reporting rain limited to small sections of a county.

These conditions render the tone of the reports very diversified, while there are a great many complaints of drouth and hot sunshine, there are also many encouraging reports. And damage from drouth is scarcely anywhere irremediable, providing there is a good rain at an early date. The favorable weather for wheat thrashing has advanced that work nearly to its completion. The harvest of Oats and Hay has been completed with excellent results.

It is not an easy matter to estimate an average condition of the corn crop; reports vary so much as to the effects of local drouths, but from the excellent opportunities to thoroughly cultivate this crop, the great benefit derived from the local showers during the past week and from the tone of the reports in regard to the rapid re-suscitation of this crop in the event of an early rain, we may infer that it is not in a hopeless condition anywhere; while many reports incline to a very favorable condition.

Nearly the same conditions exist in regard to tobacco as to corn. Though, if anything, in sections where the drouth has been felt the most, the injury to tobacco has been greater. There has been a good many complaints of its wilting and yellowing. An early rain is much needed for this crop.

Pastures are probably suffering more than anything else on account of the drouth, as they require a long continued and soaking rain to be of any great benefit. The effects of short thunder showers do not materially aid them.

Potatoes and gardens are also suffering in many sections; considerable damage has already been done there. Unfavorable reports of the quantity and quality of fruits are still being made.

The weather will probably continue warm, with a chance for local thunder storms in a few days.

S. P. GRESHAM,
 Acting Director Weather Bureau.

How's This!
 We offer one hundred dollars reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, Ohio. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him to be perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him. WEST & THURMAN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio. WALKING, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

World's Fair Philanthropists.
 [ST. PAUL DAILY NEWS.]
 Messrs. Boddie Bros., wealthy Chicago gentlemen, having the interest of the city at heart, and desiring to disprove the falsity of the statement that only in boarding houses can be found moderate priced accommodations during the World's Fair, remodeled and furnished at great expense one of their famous absolutely fire-proof business structures, located corner of Franklin and Jackson streets, within short walking distance of the Union Depots, Theatres, Postoffice, Board of Trade, Steam, Elevated, Cable Roads and Steamboats to the World's Fair, furnished newly throughout 500 rooms, superb parlors, elevators, electric lights, exhaust fans to keep cool entire building, named this property The Great Western Hotel, and invite the public to take their choice of rooms for \$1.00 per day, children 50 cents. Elegant restaurant and dining rooms where fine meals are served at 50 cents, or a la carte at very moderate prices.

There should be less heard or known of extortion and imposition connected with the World's Fair were there more public spirited, fair minded men in Chicago as are the owners and proprietors of The Great Western Hotel. Our readers should write as soon as possible to secure rooms, for they are being taken up rapidly. 48 6t

FORDSVILLE.
 Weather warm.
 We had quite a nice rain Saturday, which made its appearance just in time to save the crops.

Miss Lena Gabbert, of Philpot, is the guest of Miss Edna Wilson. Miss Lillie Bell, of Philpot, is visiting her sister, Miss Ida, who is employed as clerk in the Mammoth Store.

Mrs. Etta Sutton and children, of Owensboro, are the guests of Mrs. Emma Cooper.

Mrs. Madeline Whittinghill, of Rockvale, spent a few days in town with friends last week.

Miss Bertha Felix spent a few days with her aunt, Mrs. Walker, last week.

Master Tom Broomfield, of Louisville, is spending a few weeks with his sister, Mrs. Graves.

Mr. Robt. Keown, who has been out on a railroad survey for some time, is with us again.

Mr. C. T. Quinn, of Mitchells, Ind., has moved to our town.

Mr. J. M. Smith, of our town, is still quite ill at Cloverport.

Mr. Sam Roberts, of near here, is very sick at this writing.

Mr. and Mrs. John McCuen spent Sunday in the country.

Mr. Arnold McCarty returned from the World's Fair last week—making the third person from this place who has been to Chicago's great show—the other two being Miss Dimple

Hays, our popular music teacher, and Prof. Stum. All report quite a nice time.

The moonlight picnic Thursday night was a complete success. The wedding bells, which have hung dormant so long, have begun to swing to and fro, proclaiming their glad tidings to the world of eager listeners. Madam Rumor has predicted a wedding or two soon. Is she right?

Messrs W. L. Graves and J. W. Smith went to Rough Creek bottoms gaming last week.

Mr. Jo. Clark, of near here, died last Friday night.

Rev. Rosson, of Hardinsburg, preached at the M. E. Church, Saturday and Sunday.

A colored minister preached at the Baptist Church Friday night.

The grim monster, death, has silently crept into our homes and stolen away one too pure for earthly care, in the person of little Jessie, twin daughter of W. L. and Georgia Graves, aged two months and three days. After appropriate exercises by Rev. Lawson the remains were laid to rest in the Fordsville Cemetery.

Go to thy rest, sweet child, Go to thy dreamland bed, While yet so gentle, undefiled, With blessings on thy head.

Shall love with weak embrace Thy upward wings detain? No, little Jessie, seek thy place, Amid the cherub train.

Strong nerves, sweet sleep, good appetite, healthy digestion, and best of all, pure blood, are given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

One Sure Refuge.
 Deacon Ironside had been attracted by an interesting story in his favorite paper, The Weekly Commentator, and had found that it led gently to an eloquent and moving dissertation on the merits of Dr. Ryckel's Concentrated Extract of Wild Cherry, price 35 cents per bottle, for sale by all druggists.

"It's got so nowadays," he ejaculated, throwing the paper down in disgust, "that there's only about one publication that doesn't trick you into reading patent medicine ads."

And he picked up the family Bible and opened it at the book of Jonah—Exchange.

Safe Enough.
 Jack—"Would you scream if I were to kiss you?"
 Amy—"Oh, yes, but (confidentially) there's no one within hearing."—Truth.

Getting Tired of It.
 An exchange relates that an old lady traveling on the London underground road and finding that the train was approaching a station said to a man who sat at the farther end of the compartment and was her only fellow passenger: "Would you kindly tell me, sir, what is the next station?"

"Bayswater, madam," was the courteous reply.
 "Then would you mind, sir, when we arrive, opening the door and helping me to get out?"
 "With pleasure," was the cordial as sent.

"You see," the old lady went on to explain, "I am well on in years, and I have to get out slowly and backward, and when the porter sees me getting out he shouts, 'Look alive, ma'am!' and gives me a push in from behind—and I've been round the circle twice already."—Youth's Companion.

A Slight Error.
 An up town church has recently undergone great alterations, and during the course of the work a lot of old wood was accumulated which was perfectly good for kindling purposes, but was not of much account for anything else. The superintendent of the building, thinking to have the wood removed at the least possible cost, started about to dispose of it by sale. Accordingly, picking out a nice, smooth board, he inscribed it as follows: "Wood For Sale by the Load."

The board had been exposed only a short time when some wag saw the chance for a good joke and changed the letter "a" in the word "load" to an "r," and for days the sign stood out in front of the church reading: "Wood For Sale by the Load."—Philadelphia Record.

They Didn't Indeed.
 A couple of tramps had sat down under a tree by the roadside to rest.
 "Wanna' you in the war?" asked Willie Walker.
 "I were," responded Turnipke Walker.
 "An' why don't you git a pension?"
 "I tried to, but it wouldn't get some-how."

"Why not?"
 "They said I was capable of manual labor."

"Did they indeed?"
 "They did, Willie," sighed Turnipke disconsolately.
 Willie brushed a tear from his weather-beaten eye.

"My boy," he murmured, "they didn't know you; they didn't know you."—Detroit Free Press.

Modern Greatness.
 First Boy—I'm writin' a composition, and I can't think of what the teacher read the other day. It began, "Some men is born great."
 Second Boy—I remember, "Some is born great, and some achieve greatness, and—"

First Boy—Oh, yes, I remember now. "And some gets cured of long standing diseases."—Good News.

Possibilities in the Case.
 "If Torkins pays me what he owes me, I shall go on the continent this summer."
 "And if Torkins doesn't pay you what he owes you?"
 "Well, it will probably be Torkins that will go on the continent."—Tit-Bits.

Didn't Like It.
 "Your honor," pleaded the condemned man, "will you put my execution for Saturday instead of Friday?"
 "Why?" inquired the judge.
 "Because Friday is such an unlucky day."—Tit-Bits.

A BAD STREAK.

McSwat Undertakes to Paint the Kitchen Floor.

"I'll paint that kitchen floor myself, Lobelia," said Mr. McSwat, with decision. "There's no sense in paying a man half a dollar an hour and four prices for the paint he uses and then getting the stove and woodwork all smeared with it and the house filled with the smell of stale tobacco smoke when I can do it just as well and save 3t. I'm going to tackle that job myself."

Mr. McSwat bought some floor paint, varnish and turpentine, and at 9 o'clock that evening he carried the loose furniture out of the kitchen, mixed his paint by stirring in a liberal quantity of turpentine and announced himself in readiness to begin the artistic work of the evening.

Beginning at the portion of the floor near the rear door of the room he smeared the paint impartially in all directions. "I've got more of it done already," he said, stopping to rest a little at the end of 10 minutes' brisk exercise, "than a professional painter would have done in half an hour."

"Seems to me it looks cloudy," ventured Mrs. McSwat, eyeing the painted portion critically.

"That's because it dries unevenly," he replied. "It dries faster in some places than others. It will all look alike after it is thoroughly dried. What you see is only the reflection from the lamp over there on the window sill."

He dipped the brush in the paint again, slapped it to and fro on the floor, and in a short time the surface was entirely smeared.

"Now," he said, rising to his feet, "as soon as it's dry I'll put on the varnish."

"How long will it take to dry?" inquired his wife.

"Only a little while," he answered, continuing the floor painting in several places with his finger. "You notice that I put in plenty of turpentine, didn't you? The secret of mixing paint so it will dry soon," he continued, wiping the brush carefully on a rag in order to clean it for the next operation, "is to put in plenty of turpentine. Bringing me the varnish, Lobelia. Thanks."

"I can't help thinking, Billiger," said Mrs. McSwat apprehensively, "that the floor is darker in some places than others. It looks streaked."

"What you don't know about painting a floor, madam," he retorted, "would build a violet from here to the moon. Those streaks are merely an optical illusion due to the reflection of the rays of that lamp over there. Is that plain enough for your comprehension?"

"I thought you said awhile ago they were caused by the unequal drying."

"So far as the drying is concerned," said Mr. McSwat, touching the floor again with his finger, "that will take care of itself. You can't find me on drying. All I ask is plenty of turpentine. In five minutes more that floor will be as dry as the catalogue of a codfish exhibit."

He thumbed the varnish, waited a few minutes, examined the floor again and pronounced it dry. Then he went across to the other side of the room and began applying the varnish with much vigor, moving gradually backward on his hands and knees as before. When the floor was about half covered with varnish, he straightened up in order to take the knobs out of his spine and looked back over his shoulder at the unvarnished portion. For the first time he saw it without any reflection from the lamp in the window, and there was something in the aspect of that floor that did not please him.

He bent down and examined it closely. Then he looked at the brush, wiped it with some care on another and examined the rag.

"Lobelia," he said, "what have you been using this brush for?"

"I haven't used it for anything, Billiger," she answered, "for weeks and weeks. The last time I had occasion to use it I put a little blacking on the kitchen stove with it."

"You did, did you?" he exclaimed in an awful voice. "Polished the stove with it, hey?"

"No, indeed, I didn't, Billiger. I polished it with an old broom. I simply put it on with the brush."

"You simply put it on with the brush, did you?" roared Billiger. "That was all, was it?"

"Yes. It was Bridget's afternoon out and—"

"Do you know what you've done, madam?" he broke in fiercely. "You've waited an hour and a half of my time, broken my back and ruined a good kitchen floor!"

"I told you it looked streaked when you—"

"Oh, yes!" he howled, throwing the brush on the floor. "You told me it looked streaked, did you? Who cares what you told me, madam?" he vociferated, kicking the can of varnish violently with his foot, and—but there are sacred confessions and even sacred moments in the lives of all young married persons with which the cold, jeering outsider need not concern himself.

Weeks afterward, when Billiger McSwat had become comparatively calm, his wife showed him the bill brought in by the painter who repaired the damage to the kitchen and repainted the floor. It called for \$10.00.—Chicago Tribune.

Statement of the Condition OF THE
Beaver Dam DEPOSIT BANK
 At the Close of Business
 June 30, 1893.

RESOURCES.
 Notes and Bills . . . \$76,205.14
 Real Estate . . . 3,000.00
 Furniture and Fixtures . . . 1,500.00
 Expenses paid . . . 384.98
 Cash on hand and in B'ks . . . 17,447.85
 \$99,017.67

LIABILITIES.
 Capital Stock . . . \$25,000.00
 Surplus . . . 5,250.00
 Reserve Fund . . . 1,293.14
 Interest and Exchange . . . 3,047.59
 Deposits . . . 64,427.94
 \$99,017.67

JOHN H. BARNES, CASHIER.
 Sworn and subscribed to before me
 June 30, 1893.
 ROWAN HOLBROOK, C. O. C. C.
 BY SHELLEY TAYLOR, D. C.



Mrs. O. Fisher of Baltimore.

Sciatic Rheumatism

Severe Pain and Stiffness

4 Bottles of Hood's—Perfect Cure.
 "I am not only willing, but anxious to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla. I was taken with severe pain and stiffness in my limbs, at times being hardly able to walk. I consulted a physician, who pronounced my trouble sciatic rheumatism. Nothing but medicine, I became worse instead of better. I had read so much of Hood's Sarsaparilla's wonderful cures that I concluded to give it a fair trial. When I was taking the first bottle I could feel a change for the better; my appetite increased and my limbs became less stiff. I have now taken four bottles and am happy to say I can walk as well as ever I could before. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who are afflicted with rheumatism. Be sure to get Hood's, more, Md."

Hood's Cures

much of Hood's Sarsaparilla's wonderful cures that I concluded to give it a fair trial. When I was taking the first bottle I could feel a change for the better; my appetite increased and my limbs became less stiff. I have now taken four bottles and am happy to say I can walk as well as ever I could before. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all who are afflicted with rheumatism. Be sure to get Hood's, more, Md."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

HOOD'S PILLS are made and perfect in proportion and appearance. 25c per box.

IMPORTANT!

Any Time

Is the right time for everybody to deal with FAIR BROS. & CO., but should

You Desire

Summer Underwear, Straw Hats, Outing Shirts, &c., now is the time to buy.

SOMETHING NICE

In Light Summer Suits and Dress Goods, just right for these hot July days.

CALL ON US

And be convinced there is no time like the present to buy your vacation outfit.

FAIR BROS. & CO

PROPRIETORS

Hartford Temple of Fashion.

FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1893.

Trade with Carson & Co.
New silks at Carson & Co's.
New dainties at Carson & Co's.
Our straw hats are still going at give-away prices. CARSON & Co.
Visit Smoot's photograph gallery over the Red Front.
"Bud" Tracy & Son have the best Groceries in town.
Born to the wife of W. L. Spalding on the 21st a boy.
Born to the wife of Rowan Holbrook on the 25th, a boy.
The best of chewing tobacco is to be found at Tracy & Son's.
Ice for sale at any time and any quantity, at Williams Bros. 1f
W. P. Thomas, Sr. has moved to the Mrs. Sallie Taylor property on Mill Street.
Rev. E. E. Fite will preach at Liberty next Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m. and again at 3 o'clock p. m.
Smoot is prepared to do all kinds of photograph work. Call at the Red Front and leave your order.
The Owensboro District Conference of the M. E. Church, South, commenced at South Carrollton last Wednesday week and continued till Sunday. It was a very interesting session.
Mr. S. C. Stevens, the enterprising representative of the Parmelee Library, has placed a nice library and case at Beaver Dam and Hartford. The plan is an excellent one and merits success everywhere. The books are first-class in merit and are put up in good substantial binding. The case possesses a number of superior features. The title and manner of keeping record of books taken out are quite convenient.
Sam Jones
Says: "Your trouble is above your eyes" if you don't buy your Groceries from Tracy & Son.
Ah There!
An Ice Cream Supper will be given at Hefflin, Saturday, Aug. 5, 1893. The Hickory Hill Cornet Band will make music for the occasion. Refreshments of all kinds. Everybody invited.
W. M. HEFFLIN,
H. R. PIRTLE, Com.
W. B. HEFFLIN,
After Breakfast
To purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, and give nerve, bodily and digestive strength, take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Continue the medicine after every meal for a month or two and you will feel "like a new man." The merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla is proven by its thousands of wonderful cures. Why don't you try it?
HOOD'S PILLS cure constipation. They are the best after-dinner pill and family cathartic.

Resolutions of Respect.
WHEREAS, it has pleased God in His divine wisdom, to remove from our midst, by the hand of death, Mrs. Mary Steele Martin, the loving, tender, gentle, christian mother of Sir Walter N. Martin an honored Knight of the Round Table belonging to our chapter. Now therefore be it
RESOLVED, That we, the Knights and Ladies of the Lizzie C. Walker, Chapter of the Round Table, hereby extend to our said brother, our sincere condolence in this, his hour of grief. We recognize that no human sympathy can lift the load of grief from the sorrowing heart of the motherless, and we therefore direct the mind of our brother, to Him, who hath said: "Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest."
RESOLVED, That this be spread upon our minutes, a copy be sent to the Hartford REPUBLICAN and Herald requesting their kindness in publishing same and a copy be sent to Sir Walter.
ELLA ROWE,
MAZIE THOMAS, Com.
BESSIE WILLIAMS,)
WESTERFIELD.
July 24.—The revival at Bell's Run, which has been in progress during the last week, is one of the greatest that has ever been held at this place. Only a few conversions have been reported but the whole church seems to be revolutionized and revived as it never was before. Rev. W. D. Cox has been conducting the meeting.
Rev. J. W. T. Givens, of Glenview, who is engaged in Sunday School and Colportage work for the Baptist District Mission Board, was in this vicinity last week. An interesting Sunday School was organized at this place by him.
Miss Laura Mosely was taken suddenly ill while at church yesterday. She was conveyed to a house near by and Dr. J. C. Hoover was called in. After several hours she recovered sufficiently to be removed to her home.
Miss Ella Hunter, of Pleasant Ridge, attended church here Saturday and Sunday.
Mack Taylor, whom we reported sick last week, is slightly improved at this writing.
The infant child of T. E. Yates died the 23d inst., and was buried at Bell's Run yesterday. DON JUAN.
NEAVERTOWN.
July 25.—Threshing is the order of the day. The crop is good, especially wheat.
We are very much in need of rain, and if it doesn't come soon crops will be badly injured.
Rev. Walter Schell and family were the guests of W. G. Bennett and family Saturday and Sunday. Bro. Schell also filled his appointment at the Chapel.
Mr. H. C. Simmons and bride took a bridal trip to Daviess county last week.
A. S. Bennett leaves to-day to at-

tend the Jones lecture at Hartford, and Conference at Hopkinsville.
Robert Stewart, of Rosine, spent Saturday and Sunday in town.
S. A. Woodward went to Owensboro Sunday, returning Monday.
Warren Ward and Miss Florence Davis, of the NoCreek neighborhood, visited here Sunday. Robert Webb and wife visited friends at Newville Sunday.
Preparations are being made to entertain a large crowd at the Croquet Party and Ice Cream Supper at E. C. Woodward's next Saturday evening. The prizes have been secured, and they are worth competing for. The contest opens at 3 o'clock. Several are expected to attend from Hartford. We anticipate a nice time.
Wishing the REPUBLICAN much success, I am
XENIA.
Sam Jones has come and gone, and all parties knowing themselves in debt to me will come forward and pay up, as I am in need of the money and must have it, as I have accommodated you for six or eight months without calling on you, I think it your duty to come and settle. I want to sell goods to the people cheap, but can not do it unless you pay, as my bills all have to be paid. So please save any hard feelings by not asking for credit. I do not like to say no, but can not and will not say yes. With good wish to all, I am as ever.
Yours, A. D. WHITE.

HEFFLIN.
July 26.—Rain, rain, and plenty of it, is what we want to see at present. Prof. Fielden is conducting a very progressive singing school at this place.
Misses Clara Ford, Centertown, and Eliza Williams, Pleasant Ridge, visited relatives here last week.
Dr. Ford, W. M. Hefflin, A. S. Tanner and Geo. Smith attended the Ice Cream Supper at Centertown last Saturday night.
A. S. Tanner, our new groceryman, has erected an awning in front of his store.
Last Friday night, after the cares of the day had been thrown aside and our mind set free to wander amidst the fitful shadows of dreamland, what could be a more pleasant awakening than under the sound of an active Cornet Band. Well, such was the case. The Hartford colored band, on their way to Calhoun, favored us with a nice piece of music. We gave the boys a cool drink from our well and they showed their appreciation by rendering "Rally Round the Flag" as they moved on their way.
MR. MICAWBER.
BEAVER DAM.
Workmen are getting along nicely with Mr. A. D. Taylor's residence on Main Street.
Mr. Perry Westerfield, clerk in Taylor & Co.'s large dry goods store, has bought Mr. Charlie Taylor's house and will move his family from Rochester soon.
Mrs. Fannie Hocker, South Carrollton, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Sam Sowders.
Mr. E. D. Tifford has moved in his new store. Dick is an intelligent young man and we wish him much success.
Miss Beulah Coots, who has been visiting Ada Norris, Owensboro, returned home Friday.
Mrs. E. D. Guffy, Hartford, was the guest of Mrs. John T. Martin Saturday.
Prof. E. R. Ray spent a few days in Morgantown last week.
Miss Mary Bell Sowders, who has been in Morgantown several months, returned home Saturday.
Mr. J. B. Tichenor was in town Sunday.
Mr. R. P. Hocker and daughter, Virgie; Mrs. F. O. Austin and daughter, Attie, and son, Claddie, left on the early train Sunday morning for the World's Fair.
Miss Leslie Hays, Rochester, was in town Tuesday and Wednesday.
Miss Viola Pirtle is spending the week with Mrs. J. H. Nave.
Mr. S. P. Duncan, Union county, is visiting his sisters, Mrs. Gray and Mrs. Ringo.
Miss Mayme Barnard, Louisville, visited in this place last week.
Mr. Louis Gericks and little son, Charles, of Evansville, are visiting Mr. J. H. Nave's family.
A crowd of young ladies and gentlemen, of this place, attended the Ice Cream Supper at Prentiss Saturday night. It was given for the benefit of the church, which has lately been built.
Mr. George Neal and wife, Louisville, are visiting friends at this place.
Quite a crowd attended Sam Jones' meeting at Hartford Tuesday and Wednesday nights.
Prof. E. R. Ray left for the World's Fair Saturday morning.
BLUE-EYED CHICKEN.

He Broke Jail.
Henry Maddox, who has been confined in jail here for sometime, charged with shooting with intent to kill, made his escape last Saturday morning about 7 o'clock. By some means he had procured a file with which he had sawed the bars of his cell in two admitting him into the corridor. Saturday morning when jailer Thompson carried the prisoners their breakfast Maddox was in his cell as usual and as Mr. Thompson went back after some water he left the lower door open as his custom, when Maddox escaped through the hole he had sawed through the bars, slipped down stairs and made good his escape. As soon as Mr. Thompson discovered that Maddox was gone he made an effort to overtake him and bring him back, but Maddox had too far the start and is still at large. He is said to be a tough citizen and it is not likely that he will ever be re-captured.

Base Ball.
A syndicate composed of thirteen of Hartford's base ball enthusiasts was organized and the expenses of the Elizabethtown-Hartford game was assumed. On Tuesday at 1 p. m. the Elizabethtown's arrived and at 4 o'clock the game was called. The Hartford's took the field and the fun began. It was a lively game from start to finish, but an inning was not played before it was apparent that the Elizabethtown's would win for they were playing ten men and the tenth man was the umpire, Weller, whom the Elizabethtown's had brought prepared for the occasion. With a fair umpire Hartford would have won with ease.
The score was 18 to 8 in favor of the visitors. No more unsatisfactory work was ever done on our grounds by any umpire.
SECOND GAME.
On Wednesday at 3:30 the second game was called, with the Elizabethtown again at bat and their umpire master both of ceremonies and the game. If anybody supposed he wouldn't favor his own team that man was badly mistaken. He gave the game to his club by a score of 11 to 18.
NOTES.
Elizabethtown must have the umpire.
Bob Walker made some long drives to right center.
The visitors left for home on the up train yesterday.
What made umpire Weller's hip-pocket stick out so?
Some very fine playing was done and some exceedingly yellow.
Pitcher Tate made balk after balk, but umpire Weller said not a word.
The Elizabethtown players were a fine set but their umpire, O. my; he was indeed a daisy.
Umpire Weller kept his heavy sack-coat on all the evening, although part of the time it was very hot.
The Elizabethtown boys have invited our boys to meet them in two games at the Elizabethtown Fair in September.
Several years ago the Elizabethtown's came down and played the Hartford's and as in the recent game their umpire was their most effective player.
Should the Hartford boys go to Elizabethtown they propose to take Dr. White along to umpire. He will be armed with a couple of six-shooters, a Winchester and a butcher-knife.

The Sam Jones Lecture.
Hartford and Ohio county will long remember with pleasure the visit of Rev. Sam Jones who came under the auspices of the Hartford Lecture Club.
He, with his wife and daughter, arrived in town on Tuesday at 3 o'clock and stopped with Dr. Coleman and family who entertained them during their stay. He lectured on Tuesday and Wednesday nights and preached on Wednesday and Thursday mornings.
To attempt a description of the discourses would be useless. They were beyond all question the most pleasing, enjoyable, intellectual and spiritual treats ever heard in our town. His lecture on Wednesday night and his free sermon on Thursday morning being particularly acceptable to his audience.
Immense crowds attended each and every service. Our people will remember the great man pleasantly and profitably. A few will condemn, but the multitude will praise.
Len Elliott shot and instantly killed Dave Kennelly at Greenville last Sunday evening. Both are colored. The row came up in regard to Elliott's alleged mistreatment of his wife, Kennelly's sister.
Marriage License: S. F. Bozarth to Miss Lucretia Allen, C. T. Wilson to Miss Isabelle Mercer.
At the June term of the Circuit Court in 1888 Charles T. Wilson, of McHenry, was indicted for disturbing public worship, but has since dodged the officers. Yesterday he came to town to obtain license to marry and Sheriff Stevens pounced down upon him and the young fellow had to give bond.

PERSONAL

Miss Jessie Allen is in the city.
Dr. Ford, Hefflin, called at our office last Friday.
Miss Annie Allen, Rosine, returned home this morning.
Dr. M. W. Duvall, Arnold, called to see us Wednesday.
Charles Bradley and Charlie Mann, Greenville, are in town.
Freeman Little, Owensboro, was in town the first of the week.
Z. T. Proctor, Short Creek, was in town the first of the week.
Miss — Wright, Louisville, is the guest of Mrs. E. D. Guffy.
Miss Corine Cox, who has been on a very extensive visit, has returned to her home.
Mrs. Dr. E. W. Ford, Fordsville, is the guest of her parents, Col. and Mrs. W. H. Moore.
Miss Sallie Rice, Louisville, who has been visiting Miss Katie Coombes returned home to-day.
Attorney R. L. White, Editor I. C. Newman, M. R. Harner and Lee Rains, Caneyville, were in town this week.
Mrs. Judge John P. Morton and son, Burr, who have been spending the past two weeks with her sister, Mrs. J. Warren Baker, has returned home.
Sam Jones "hit 'em" every time, but his biggest hit was when said always leave your horse with Casebeer & Burton for a good feed.

Base Ball.
A syndicate composed of thirteen of Hartford's base ball enthusiasts was organized and the expenses of the Elizabethtown-Hartford game was assumed. On Tuesday at 1 p. m. the Elizabethtown's arrived and at 4 o'clock the game was called. The Hartford's took the field and the fun began. It was a lively game from start to finish, but an inning was not played before it was apparent that the Elizabethtown's would win for they were playing ten men and the tenth man was the umpire, Weller, whom the Elizabethtown's had brought prepared for the occasion. With a fair umpire Hartford would have won with ease.
The score was 18 to 8 in favor of the visitors. No more unsatisfactory work was ever done on our grounds by any umpire.
SECOND GAME.
On Wednesday at 3:30 the second game was called, with the Elizabethtown again at bat and their umpire master both of ceremonies and the game. If anybody supposed he wouldn't favor his own team that man was badly mistaken. He gave the game to his club by a score of 11 to 18.

NOTES.
Elizabethtown must have the umpire.
Bob Walker made some long drives to right center.
The visitors left for home on the up train yesterday.
What made umpire Weller's hip-pocket stick out so?
Some very fine playing was done and some exceedingly yellow.
Pitcher Tate made balk after balk, but umpire Weller said not a word.
The Elizabethtown players were a fine set but their umpire, O. my; he was indeed a daisy.
Umpire Weller kept his heavy sack-coat on all the evening, although part of the time it was very hot.
The Elizabethtown boys have invited our boys to meet them in two games at the Elizabethtown Fair in September.

The Sam Jones Lecture.
Hartford and Ohio county will long remember with pleasure the visit of Rev. Sam Jones who came under the auspices of the Hartford Lecture Club.
He, with his wife and daughter, arrived in town on Tuesday at 3 o'clock and stopped with Dr. Coleman and family who entertained them during their stay. He lectured on Tuesday and Wednesday nights and preached on Wednesday and Thursday mornings.
To attempt a description of the discourses would be useless. They were beyond all question the most pleasing, enjoyable, intellectual and spiritual treats ever heard in our town. His lecture on Wednesday night and his free sermon on Thursday morning being particularly acceptable to his audience.
Immense crowds attended each and every service. Our people will remember the great man pleasantly and profitably. A few will condemn, but the multitude will praise.
Len Elliott shot and instantly killed Dave Kennelly at Greenville last Sunday evening. Both are colored. The row came up in regard to Elliott's alleged mistreatment of his wife, Kennelly's sister.
Marriage License: S. F. Bozarth to Miss Lucretia Allen, C. T. Wilson to Miss Isabelle Mercer.
At the June term of the Circuit Court in 1888 Charles T. Wilson, of McHenry, was indicted for disturbing public worship, but has since dodged the officers. Yesterday he came to town to obtain license to marry and Sheriff Stevens pounced down upon him and the young fellow had to give bond.

Base Ball.
A syndicate composed of thirteen of Hartford's base ball enthusiasts was organized and the expenses of the Elizabethtown-Hartford game was assumed. On Tuesday at 1 p. m. the Elizabethtown's arrived and at 4 o'clock the game was called. The Hartford's took the field and the fun began. It was a lively game from start to finish, but an inning was not played before it was apparent that the Elizabethtown's would win for they were playing ten men and the tenth man was the umpire, Weller, whom the Elizabethtown's had brought prepared for the occasion. With a fair umpire Hartford would have won with ease.
The score was 18 to 8 in favor of the visitors. No more unsatisfactory work was ever done on our grounds by any umpire.
SECOND GAME.
On Wednesday at 3:30 the second game was called, with the Elizabethtown again at bat and their umpire master both of ceremonies and the game. If anybody supposed he wouldn't favor his own team that man was badly mistaken. He gave the game to his club by a score of 11 to 18.

NOTES.
Elizabethtown must have the umpire.
Bob Walker made some long drives to right center.
The visitors left for home on the up train yesterday.
What made umpire Weller's hip-pocket stick out so?
Some very fine playing was done and some exceedingly yellow.
Pitcher Tate made balk after balk, but umpire Weller said not a word.
The Elizabethtown players were a fine set but their umpire, O. my; he was indeed a daisy.
Umpire Weller kept his heavy sack-coat on all the evening, although part of the time it was very hot.
The Elizabethtown boys have invited our boys to meet them in two games at the Elizabethtown Fair in September.

DO YOU KNOW

That Henry Nall has such a mellow laugh?
That Dr. White is a circulating curiosity?
That base ball is just now at its full height?
That you ought to subscribe for the REPUBLICAN?
That "law me" has a new pair or the old ones fixed?
That W. A. Gibson is the champion dry-joker in town?
That Charley Crowhustles at whatever he undertakes?
That Gip Westerfield still likes to come to Hartford?
That Beaver Dam is to have another good school this fall?
That John Vaughn would like to be assistant County Judge?
That "Bat" Nall has ceased performing the Chinese act?
That Dave Johnson says that tax collecting is a hard business?
That Bob Walker is a fine ball player when he wants to be?
That Ab Veiser is thinking seriously of going to Horton soon?
That M. L. Heavrin will soon have one of the prettiest houses in town?
That Hartford is almost deserted since the recent exodus to the World's Fair?
That John Martin, Beaver Dam, can make the east bound local only sometimes?
That G. B. Likens has a private bicycle track leading down to the Water Mill?
That the dearest lemonade in the country is to be found at Beaver Dam—ten cents a glass.
That a young lady from the Bend asked why the "Do You Know Column" isn't run every week?
That Judge Morton and Sheriff Stevens are never better pleased than when engaged in a lively game of ball?
That John T. Moore is so good that he is afraid to go with any one girl for fear he will hurt some other girl's feelings?
That one of the most pleasant as well as the most popular young men in Hartford is none other than J. D. Edmonson?
That G. T. Tinsley has already worn out one hand since he became a candidate. He is now shaking with the other?
That a certain Little Miss, who is visiting in town, says she is the prettiest young lady that ever was in Hartford?

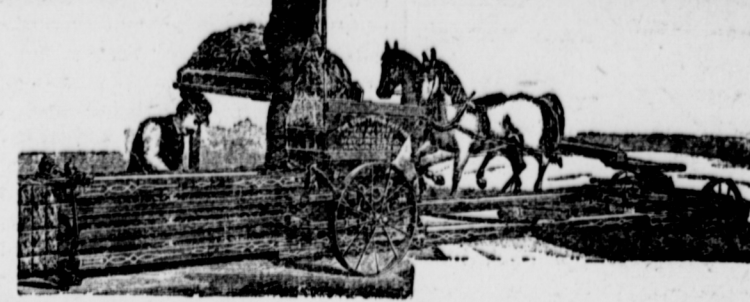
TOWN TATTLER.

Little by little, inch by inch and step by step Hartford is approaching the zenith of her glory. Nearer and nearer she comes to complete success in aping the airs of her more fortunate contemporaries. Nobody, who for once has looked upon the current of River Rough, has for a moment doubted that it affords the most exquisite opportunities for bathing purposes. And from time immemorial the youngsters and the oldsters of the male persuasion, from springs gentle zephyrs to autumn's icy winds, have stirred its mud begirt bottom with their unclean feet. But Hartford is not satisfied to follow in the old paths. She must and she will strike out into things new and enticing. Her latest departure is a stunner.
Some of the enterprising young misses, who have not more than reached their teens conceived the idea that it would be just the thing to follow the example of their brothers and sweethearts and go bathing in the river. They donned their mother-hubbards and wended their joyous way to the rippling waves.
The boys were somewhat abashed at first to see the fair invaders but they only moved up to the bridge and kept on their pants. And it is thus we move and breathe and have our being. The older sisters of these sweet things, who have started the ball, are studying the question seriously and it may not be long ere we see them all—the younger and the older, the lithe and the plump, the angular and the rounded—in their brightest and neatest bathing suits, wending their innocent way to the river. And then the young men will fall into line and then everybody else and his wife and then, oh, then, we'll enjoy all the delicious delights of the seaside.
Last week two sparrows at Highland Falls, New York, flew into the face of a man by the name of McClosky with such force as to knock him down. The birds were killed by the shock. This was a case of "down went McClosky," instead of "down went McCarty."

The author of the following, supposed to be a Kentucky editor, has glory waiting for him if he will only make himself known:
The wind bloweth.
The water floweth.
The farmer soweth.
The subscriber oweth.
And the Lord knoweth
That we are in need of our dues:
So come a-ruddin'
Before we go a-gunnin';
We are not a-funnin'.
As this thing of dunnin'
Gives us the everlasting blues.

Notice.
Revival services will begin at No Creek Church next Monday night, July 31. Rev. W. C. Wilson, of Vine Grove, will assist.
I learn that an Ice Cream Supper is to be given for the benefit of Washington Church on my circuit. I wish to say if such is the case, it is without my consent or approval.
W. A. SCHILL.

J. D. WILLIAMS



General - Blacksmith.

Beaver Dam, Ky.

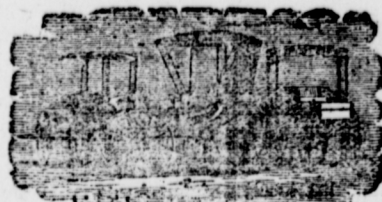
All kinds of Repairing done on short notice and at most reasonable rates.

HORSE-SHOEING A SPECIALTY.

Agent for the Kansas City Complete Circuit, All Steel, Mounted Hay Press, Disc Harrows, Osborne Mowers and Rakes.

Come to Hartford

—TO SEE THE—



SPRING OPENING

—OF—

C. L. Field's car of Buggies just from the Davis Carriage Company.

He will save you MONEY by Buying from HIM. Will sell you a Buggy, Harness, Lap Duster and Whip from \$60.00 up to \$75.00. The Davis Carriage Company has the reputation of building the best Buggy for the money of any Factory in Cincinnati.

So come and judge for yourself.

ENTERPRISE HOTEL,



JOHN SEARCY, Proprietor.

Nos. 234 to 242 East Market Street, Between Brook and Floyd Streets.

THE BEST \$1.00 PER DAY HOTEL IN THE CITY OR STATE.

Louisville, Kentucky.

\$37.50 SOUTHERN QUEEN \$37.50

Is it possible a Top Buggy with Silver-plated Dash Rail, Seat Rail, Handles, Hub Bands and Shaft Tips, for above price?



Write for our New 80 page Catalogue of all kinds of Vehicles.

THE SOUTHERN BUGGY CO.
CINCINNATI, OHIO, U. S. A.

We will not card after next month. So bring on your wool at once.

J. W. Ford & Co.

Ignorance of the merits of De Witt's Little Early Risers is a misfortune. These little pills regulate the liver, cure headache, dyspepsia, bad breath, constipation and biliousness.
L. B. BEAN.
You can get Flour from \$2.90 per barrel and up at the Hartford Water Mills.

Notes to the World's Fair.
Call on agents of the Louisville, St. Louis and Texas Railway before purchasing your ticket to Chicago. Direct connection made with all lines via Louisville. Good service and best of attention shown to passengers. For further information address
H. C. MORRIS,
Asst. G. P. A.,
Louisville, Ky.

SEND two cents in postage stamps to 39 Corcoran Building, Washington, D. C., and you will receive four copies of Kate Fie d's Washington, containing matter of special interest. Give name and address, and where you saw this advertisement. 1y

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS
Cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Nervousness, and General Debility. Physicists recommend it. All druggists sell it. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1893

BARTHOLOMEW'S STATUE.

Even as a mother, when the twilight falls,
With flaming children, and her heart is full,
Peers from her cottage door and softly calls
Her loitering children who too far have strayed
And smiles to hear their shouts come through the gloom,
Waving her hand to guide them home—
So standeth thou, O statue, from thy height
Streams out one constant welcome o'er and o'er
While silent waits and exiles catch thy light
And pull with eager hands for freedom's shore.
Their homes are founded on our prairies free,
They build their lives within our mountain shade
Or, southward, nestle 'neath the orange tree,
Free to abide where'er their feet have strayed.
No more we see the stinging lash cut deep
The dusky flesh of suppliant slave,
No more through angry scowls the blood-
hounds creep
To hunt his master's or his grave.
Though black, though white, of black or low de-
gree,
The land that feeds thy watch fire now is free,
Great, grand, majestic monument of love,
A burning altar by the sounding sea—
Mirrored—inspiring God to watch above
Between our banner and the fleur-de-lis—
—Jayses Jacques in Youth's Companion.

FANCHETTE.

A slip of a girl with slim, young
shoulders, childish form and shy, rosy
face half avoiding, half inviting the gaze
—this was Fanchette.

Fanchette Hugot called her in the
village, where the old Mother Hugot
was well known. But Fanchette shook
her head. She was no kith and kin of
Mme. Hugot, that she knew, and Jacques
knew it also—Jacques, with his bonny
brown head and bright, bold face and
gray attire, which marked him of the
better class; Jacques, who loved her
better than she loved the turkeys which
she tended, and swore that every dark
hair of her head under the red turban
was precious to him.

Jacques' father called her the little
turkey tender and threw her a coin
from his carriage as he passed. But
Fanchette treasured the coins and made
herself more beautiful in her lover's eyes
with her fiery—ribbons that matched
the blue of her eyes, roses that rivalled
the carmine of her dewy lips.

When Jacques took her in his arms
and told her that he loved her and let
the light of his beautiful eyes shine in
hers, she forgot the whole world just for
that one moment. She forgot to wonder
that God should let his creatures suffer
so; that he should distribute blessings
so unequally. She forgot that old
Mother Hugot was a hard mistress and
forgave her the bruises on her poor body
and the unkind words she said toward
her. She mounted into heaven when
Jacques put his arms about her and she
could lean her head for a moment on his
broad shoulder.

But these opportunities were seldom
granted her for sinking her soul in love.
There were cows to milk, and the pigs to
feed, and the turkeys to tend, and when
she could finally slip away to her lover
whistling impatiently round the corner
of the lane she had but a few moments
to spare from her mistress, who was im-
patient the instant the girl was out of
her sight.

They used to watch the moon come up
sometimes, round and fiery and glowing
in the soft warm sky, and Jacques would
claim a kiss for every star that appeared
in the heavens as they gazed at it. Ah,
Fanchette loved the stars! One shone
into her little casement at night, and she
always thought of Jacques when she saw
it, and his kisses seemed to her again laid
on her lips as she fell asleep with her eyes
fixed on the distant light.

Fanchette was very faithful to Mother
Hugot, who grumbled at having to keep
her and called her shiftless and a good-
for-nothing. But Fanchette knew from
the gold tucked under her neck and
from the embroidery on a bit of a gown
Mother Hugot had shown her that she
was Jacques' equal at least, and she al-
ways looked for a delivery to come to
her in some guise or other. Every morn-
ing when she arose she would say, "Per-
haps today my deliverer will come," and
every night when she went to bed she
prayed, "God, I thank thee that I am yet
alive, for I know thou wilt send me a
great blessing tomorrow."

So when the fairy godmother finally
did arrive Fanchette was the least sur-
prised of any of the village.

When Jacques met her that evening
in the lane, he laid his head down against
her to hide his face, out of which the
gay light had faded.

"You are going away," he cried, "to
be a great lady. You have a title, you
will live in a palace, I, poor Jacques,
what shall I do? I think death would
not be difficult."

"I shall come back, Jacques, in a year
—they have promised me that—and then
we can be married if you are waiting
for me still. Parting is but a test of
true love. Don't give your kisses or
your love words to other girls to make
time speed faster, my own Jacques.
If I feel that you are all my own in deed
and in thought, there will be no sting in
the sadness of our parting."

Jacques lifted up his head. The moon
came up lightly over the late time trees
and shone upon his boyish face.

"I promise," he said, solemnly lifting
his hand on high, and then he drew her
dark head against his shoulder and
pressed her lips with his own.

"In a year from tonight I will meet
you here. Oh, Fanchette, my love, my
own, you will not fail me?"

"Never, Jacques, if I come to rags, I
will keep my word. If I come to a beg-
gar, still I will meet you here."

"Remember our star, Fanchette. Every
night I will look for it, and when you
see its rays you will know your
Jacques is dreaming of you and praying
for your return."

When the sun chased the shadows
from the earth next morning, Fanchette
was many miles away.

She went to a palatial home. She
gowned herself in satins and saw her-
self bedecked with jewels. She grew
more fair than a poet's dream, and she
dined with nobles and was attended
by aristocratic dames.

She was still Fanchette, and at night
she looked at the star she loved and
remembered the prayer of her childhood's
days. Every heartbeat was for Jacques,
every tear for Jacques, every smile for
Jacques. She knew not if he were dead
or living. When she was of age, at the
end of the year, then she would know.

Her beauty expanded. Her eyes were
deeper, her form more perfect, her skin
finer, with a glow like polished marble.
She carried her head with a saucy tilt,
her lips melted into smiles, her cheeks
dimpled. They called her Fanchette
the lovable.

When 11 months had passed, she put
her arms about her newly found father.
She murmured Jacques' name with an
intonation like a ringdove in her voice,
and a frown corrugated the old man's
handsome brow. He flung her aside.

"Ingrate!" he cried scornfully.
Fanchette kissed him sadly and crept
away. Just at that moment she lounged
for the starlight land, the coins that
Father Hugot threw to the poor turkey
driver and the curses of Mother Hugot
with a heartiness that terrified her.

She never mentioned Jacques' name
again. She stole from her home one
night at the hour of 12. She paused be-
hind the door and gave one glance
behind at the luxury wrapped nest she
had quitted. She saw the gilded panels,

shining mirrors reflecting painted cel-
ings hung in roses with a fringe of em-
eralds, soft, rich carpets and lace hang-
ings where dreams of Jacques had cir-
cled round her drowsy head.

She saw her tiny satin shoes, subtly
suggestive of indolence and with a
touch of personality seeming to cling
about them still as they lay discarded on
the white fur rug before the scented fire.
Her glance wandered to an open chest
of antique wood hard by, heaped up with
the choicest treasures of the milliner's
art. Here a fan coquetted with an opera
cloak, there a faintly ball gown spread
its filmy flounces over a Parisian bonnet
laden with purple violets.

She dropped a tear, she burst into a
sob. Her woman's heart cried out after
all this luxury. Her better nature whis-
pered Jacques' name into her ear. The
tear became as a rainbow touched by
her smile. She turned and fled, crying,
"The world is lost for love, my
Jacques! I come! I come!"

In the old familiar trying spot at
last, waiting for her lover, she echoed
those words. She crunched down and
kissed the turf and the star-eyed mar-
guerites and laughed to herself softly
and gleefully.

She heard his step at last. She arose
with a new shyness born of her fresh
beauty and her solemn joy.

"Jacques!"
"What, Fanchette! You! What! Fan-
chette in the rags of the turkey girl?" he
stammered.

"Oh, yes, Jacques, yes! The turkey
girl, Fanchette, whom you love. Not
the lady Fanchette ever again! I am
yours, Jacques, yours!"

He dropped his hat from his hand. His
rugged face paled and his lips quivered.
She thought his lips unmanly him.
He put both hands over his face and
stood so, absorbed in his own eyes.
She brushed his hands with her red lips
and whispered to him:

"Look up, my Jacques! Surely you
will speak to your own Fanchette? Oh,
my friend Jacques, tears for joy, for-
solicit! Methinks that is worthy of a
woman. What! Will you not look at
me? They say that I am greatly changed—
a beauty, Jacques, your little Fan-
chette! Are you not glad?"

She was sobbing and laughing and
clinging to him, the moon showing her
dimples, and her soft, quivering lips,
and her new great beauty to him in a
maddening way. Her hair fell around
him, her warm arms were laid upon his
shoulders, she was leaning against him,
delicious in her womanly gladness. But
he did not touch her after the first involun-
tary caress. He dropped upon one
knee at her feet and laid his face against
her hand.

Their star on high looked down upon
them benignly.
"Look, Jacques, look—our star! Do
not kneel to me, my own Jacques, do
not, I pray! See, it is smiling at us—it
is happy, too. The year is past, is past,
Jacques, let us thank the good God to-
gether. But first will you not kiss me?
Am I to sue for it then? Dear friend,
do not give way thus. I am here, close
beside you, Jacques. I will never, never
leave you now, love, unless you bid me
go."

"I bid you go."
The voice was hoarse, agonized with
dearly anguish in its modulations.
"Jacques!"
"I am married!"
He caught her, held her to him as her
eyes closed and cursed himself.

"Fanchette, Fanchette, look up and
listen! My God, I hate myself! I mar-
ried Rosamond Cartier six months ago,
I thought you would not come back.
Father influenced me—"

"Don't!" Fanchette said.
She seemed more beautiful than ever
when she stood up again. But Jacques
could not bear to look at her.

"No," she said, "I thought so myself until two weeks
ago."

"You should not have changed your
mind. It's an education to go there. I'm
glad, and you'd better go with me."
"I don't care to go again."

"Again?"
"Yes, I've been. Went two weeks
ago. Got back yesterday. That's why
I changed my mind about going."

Then he laughed.—Detroit Free Press.

Nearly Hit It.
Mrs. Haywood—What does this mean
on your piece of card what lives in it?
My Meadows—She said that meant
she was at home to her friends Thurs-
days.

"Only Thursdays? What does she do
with the rest of her time?"
"I'm sure I don't know, but I guess
from what she says, she is in the in-
telligence offices."—New York Weekly.

Facing Temptation.
"Does you hear me talkin, Brer John-
son?"
"I heave you."

"Well, suh, I'm erwine ter cross dat
fence on git down on my knees in dat
watermelon patch en stay dar twel I gits
religion!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Hero Maligned.
Little Grace (in a pout)—Oh, mamma,
teacher told an awful lie today.
Mamma—Why, Grace, what was it?
Grace—She said that Lincoln was a
story teller.—Yankee Blade.

For All.
Sadie—An revoir. You know what
you are to be doing back?
He (in the distance)—Oh, yes, A ring.
Maude (at her feet)—Toll him to get
three.—Truth.

Reply to the G. A. R.
Fifty veterans will save the World's
Fair as the guests of the New York
Press. There will be special Pullman
Palace Cars full of them enroute to
Chicago early in October. The New
York Press proposes to send to the
World's Fair as its guests fifty Union
Veterans, members of the Grand Ar-
my Posts, who are to be selected by
the Sunday Press. This proposition
is made as an evidence of the esteem
and gratitude in which the Press
holds the men who impelled their
lives to save the nation.

Each of the chosen veterans will be
the guest of the Press from the mo-
ment the train leaves New York until
its return, and the journey will be
timed to include a full week's so-
journ in Chicago, with all expenses
paid, including the daily entrance to
the grounds of the exposition.

All G. A. R. veterans in good stand-
ing are eligible. They may come
from any town, city, State or Terri-
tory over which the Stars and Stripes
proclaims its government.

The selection of the favorites will
be made on the ground of popularity,
their popularity to be voted by ballots
printed in every issue of the Sunday
Press.

A Reward of \$500
Will be given for any case of Rheu-
matism which cannot be cured by
Drummond's Lightning Remedy. The
proprietors do not hide this offer, but
print it in bold type on all their cir-
culars, wrappers, printed matter and
through the columns of newspapers
everywhere. It will work wonders—
one bottle curing any ordinary case.
If the druggist has not got it, he will
order it, or it will be sent to any ad-
dress by express on receipt of price,
together with special instructions for
use. Drummond Medicine Co., 48-50
Maiden Lane, New York. Agents wanted.

LADIES
Needing a tonic or children that want building
Up should take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It is pleasant to take, cures Anemia, Indige-
tion, all Disorders. All dealers keep it.

TWO NEGRO STORIES.

These Are Told by Congressman Allen and
Are Both Good.

Congressman John Allen, the bubbling
humorist from Mississippi, is in great
favor in Washington circles, for he gen-
erally has a bright story at his tongue's
end. He was regaling a crowd of friends
with some southern stories, and among
them was the one which follows, one of
the few stories of Allen's that has not
gotten into print.

Allen had employed on his place an
old negro servant who in times before
the war was the property of the con-
gressman's father. Old Uncle Rufus
suffered frequent and unmanageable at-
tacks of kleptomania—attacks that
seemed to be beyond all remedy. He
was arrested time and time again for
stealing articles from the place of his
employer. Mr. Allen finally grew tired
of attempting to reform his old servant,
and he had him arrested for stealing a
big piece of side meat from the planta-
tion storehouse. It was the intention to
have the servant serve out a brief time
in the county jail for the offense, with
the hope that the imprisonment would
check him in his habit of stealing. The
old man pleaded hard with the "young
mash" to be released and recalled all
the favors and kindnesses he had shown
Mr. Allen when that dignitary was still
a boy. Allen began to weaken on the
line of this argument and was about to
release the servant on the strength of his
past services. He turned to Uncle
Rufus with:

"Now, Uncle Ruf, if you will bring
back that side meat and promise me on
the Bible that you will never steal an-
other thing off this plantation I will let
you go. Furthermore, you will have to
sign a paper promising on your solemn
honor never to steal again."

Uncle Rufus hesitated for a moment.
"Mash John," said he, "I've willing to
git you back de side meat. Yes, sah,
I'll do dat. I'll do dat; but, now, look
heah, Mash John, you can't spect me to
sign away my rights."

Allen's generous ways made him very
popular with the old time negroes, and
frequently he was called upon, without
expectation of compensation, to defend
them in suits for pilfering. On one oc-
casion a colored preacher of the neigh-
borhood was on trial for stealing some
poultry from a neighbor. The preacher
protested his innocence, and Allen made
a very able defense for him.

The evidence, however, was very
strong against the parson, and Mr. Allen
said that his client would probably be
convicted. He whispered to him after
the case had gone to the jury and told
him to prepare to meet the worst. The
preacher was a shrewd old fellow, but
he could not just see how he was going
to get out of the scrape. The jury was
out only a few minutes, and the preacher
lost all hope. After the jury had taken
their seats and the foreman was be-
ginning to read the verdict the old
preacher jumped up from the seat and
bawled out:

"'Yo' honah, fah!"
"Silence!" cried the court, and turn-
ing to the attorney, "What does the
prisoner mean?"
"Yo' honah," persisted the prisoner.
"I move dis dis co' to adjon' n."

"Well," replied the court, somewhat
amused, "how do you expect the court
to adjon'?"
"Because," continued the prisoner, "a
motion to adjon' is always in orlah,
sah."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Mean Joker.
Some men try to be funny on a very
small margin.

"Are you going to the World's fair?"
asked one Detroit of another, meeting
him on Woodward avenue.

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

"No," he replied, "I'm going to the
World's fair."

It Tastes Good

One reason why Scott's Emulsion of Pure No
wegian Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lim-
e and Soda has had such a large sale is because it is
"Almost as palatable as milk;" but the best reason is
that its curative properties are unequalled. It cures
the cough, supplies the waste of tissues, produces
flesh and builds up the entire system.

Scott's Emulsion cures Coughs,
Colds, Consumption, Scrofula,
and all Anæmic and Wasting
Diseases. Prevents wasting in
children. Almost as palatable
as milk. Get only the genuine. Pre-
pared by Scott & Bowne, Chemists, New
York. Sold by all Druggists.

Scott's
Emulsion

In the Cave of the Wind.

Luna Island and the center Fall
overhang the Cave of the winds, which
on the return to Goat Island is reached
by the Biddle Stairs, one of the
old landmarks of the place. The
Cave of the winds, to my thinking,
gives the most thrilling experience of
the trip, and is well worth the trouble
of donning a cave suit and making
the long descent of the winding
stairs. These stairs are free for the
use of the public, but one
dollar is charged for the costume and
a guide for the cave. At frequent in-
tervals small parties of the most gro-
tesque figures emerge from the pavil-
ion on the bluff, clad in weird combi-
nation of rubber coats, flannel bloom-
ers, and felt slippers, and after wind-
ing down the declivity, follow a nar-
row foot path to the very edge of the
American Fall. Here the guide takes
command and leads the way over a
fragile wooden staircase strung from
rock to rock in the very face of the
torrent. The spray eddies and whirls
about the queer figures often dashing
over them with a blinding force, but
with the sun at the right angle, a
rainbow in a perfect circle dances
along in front forming one of the rare-
st and most beautiful of natural
phenomena. The narrow wooden
path soon disappears beneath the falls,
and it is a breathless moment when,
following the guide along the rocky
ledge, it seems as if all Niagara must
be upon us.

The passage under the Falls is
quickly accomplished, and the ven-
turesome exploit is soon over, drip-
ping and out of breath, but with an
absolutely novel sensation to their
credit. The trip seems fraught with
danger, but with a guide and ordi-
nary care it is quite safe, accidents at the
Cave of the Winds being of rare oc-
currence. After once more reaching
the pavilion on the bluff, and resum-
ing ones proper raiment, visitors
are presented with a highly orna-
mental certificate, testifying to the
fact of their visit.

Years of study, experiment and
scientific investigation have given
the world Hill's Chloride of Gold
Tablets, the only sure cure for the
Tobacco Habit known. They have
proven a great blessing to the thou-
sands who have found health and new
life through them, and the testimo-
nials received breathe the sentiment
of grateful thanks. They are sold by
all leading druggists.

Neuralgic Persons
And those troubled with nervousness resulting
from care or overwork, and relieved by taking
Hill's Chloride of Gold Tablets, genuine
has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

COURSE BY MAIL WITH
FREE The Leavenworth
BUSINESS COLLEGE.

To advertise our College we will
give a thorough course of instruction
in Double and Single Entry Book-
keeping and Commercial Arithmetic
by mail FREE OF CHARGE to a
limited number of persons. This
course will be completed in forty les-
sons. No charge for Diplomas.

Address,
PROF. F. J. VANDERBERG, Pres't,
302, 304 and 306 Delaware St.,
Leavenworth, Kansas.

FITS.—All fits stopped free by Dr.
Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No
fits after first day's use. Marvelous
cures. Treatise and \$2.00 trial bottle
free to fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline,
931 Arch St., Phila., Pa. For sale by
all druggists; call on yours. 36 1y

CALL ON
Clark & Steitler,
The Leading Photographer.

Pictures in Every Style and Size.
200 Old Pictures Copied and Enlarged.
—A SPECIALTY.—
108½ Main Street,
97m6 OWENSBORO, KY

DAWSON'S, or the LIQUOR
HABIT Cured at Home in Ten Days
by administering Dr. Haines'
Golden Ageclic.

It can be given in a glass of beer, a cup of coffee
or tea, or in food, without the knowledge of the
patient. It is absolutely harmless, and will affect
a permanent and speedy cure, whether the pa-
tient is a moderate drinker or an alcoholic wreck.
It has been given in a thousand cases, and in every
case a perfect cure has followed. It never
sickens, and the system once improved with the
specific, it becomes an after impossibility for the
liquor appetite to exist. Cures guaranteed, 48
pages book of particulars free. Address the GOLD-
EN AGECLIC CO. 185 BACUS STREET, CINCIN-
NATI, OHIO.

WHISKEY and Opium Habits
Cured at Home with-
out pain. Book of par-
ticulars free. Address
J. M. WOODLEY, M.D.,
ALBANY, N. Y. 12205

LOUISVILLE, ST. LOUIS & TEN. R. R.
Louisville, St. Louis & Tenn. R. R.

SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOV. 1, 1893.
WEST BOUND.
Daily. Daily. Daily.

Lv. Louisville 7:15 a. m. 6:25 p. m.
West Point 8:11 a. m. 7:29 p. m.
Brandenburg 9:11 a. m. 8:27 p. m.
Irvington 9:41 a. m. 8:57 p. m.
St. Louis 10:21 a. m. 9:31 p. m.
Cincinnati 11:11 a. m. 10:10 p. m.
Louisville 11:55 a. m. 10:54 p. m.
Owensboro 12:16 p. m. 11:11 p. m.
St. Louis 1:04 p. m. 11:58 p. m.
Ar. Henderson 1:55 p. m. 12:20 p. m.

EAST BOUND.
Daily. Daily. Daily.

Lv. Henderson 7:15 a. m. 8:10 p. m.
St. Louis 7:57 a. m. 8:52 p. m.
Owensboro 8:27 a. m. 9:22 p. m.
Louisville 9:09 a. m. 10:00 p. m.
Hawesville 9:31 a. m. 10:22 p. m.
Cincinnati 10:01 a. m. 10:57 p. m.
St. Louis 10:21 a. m. 11:11 p. m.
Irvington 11:02 a. m. 11:57 p. m.
Brandenburg 11:29 a. m. 12:01 p. m.
West Point 12:05 p. m. 12:56 p. m.
Ar. Louisville 1:05 p. m. 1:30 p. m.

Trains No. 51 and No. 52 make connections at
Irvington (Sunday excepted) with trains to Louis-
ville, Henderson & Western & St. Louis, and
west bound, for further connections at
St. Louis, MOBILE, and other points.

Commercial Hotel.
CENTRAL CITY, KY.
R. R. PAXON, PROPRIETOR.
Has just been repaired and newly
furnished. Located close to Depot.
Good meals and first-class lunch. Give
it a trial.

The DIRECT
NEWSPAPER NEWS & POP-
ULAR
and only
MISSISSIPPI VALLEY
SOLID TRAIN
ROUTE.

BETWEEN
LOUISVILLE AND MEMPHIS,
WITH
PULLMAN Buffet Sleeping Cars.
FROM AND TO
LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, VICKSBURG,
BATON ROUGE, AND NEW ORLEANS,
via Memphis.

The Quick and Desirable Route
TO AND FROM
New York Philadelphia Baltimore
Washington Norfolk Old Point Comfort
Richmond Buffalo Cleveland
Toledo Chicago Indianapolis
Cincinnati Louisville

Eastern and Northeastern Points
and Memphis Vicksburg Baton Rouge
New Orleans Mobile Little Rock Hot
Springs and points in West Tennes-
see Texas Arkansas Mississippi
Louisiana and the South and
SOUTHWEST.

The line is thoroughly equipped and in
first-class condition, and provides an ex-
cellent arrangement in time and through-
cars. A FEATURE is the time and convenience
secured by the Limited Express Trains,
ONLY A NIGHT'S RIDE between Louisville
and Memphis, and the best and quickest
service between the two cities ever offered.
Tickets, Time-Tables and all other infor-
mation secured by applying to J. B. Tichenor,
Agent at Beaver Dam, or

J. B. Lynch, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Louisville, Ky.

Here's something

You Will Like</